



BIG JACK AND TAD.

"Tad sat upon a pile of baggage lazily swinging his feet and waiting till his train was ready to start on its long night trip across the country, when among the last straggling shoppers he saw a tall, pleasant-looking man walking leisurely toward the train with a swing that made "Tad" wonder at once he must surely have been a railroad man.

Just then the engineer came up along the train with a bit of yellow tissue paper, on which was written his orders, fluttering to his hand, and "Tad" spoke to him pleasantly, for the newsboy and the engineer had become very good friends.

"Big Jack" seemed out of humor about something, and only glared at "Tad" as he passed on without a word. "Tad" felt a curious shiver as the engineer looked at him. There was something queer in the glowing eyes that he had never seen there before.

"Tad" was not to be deterred. "Big Jack" did not touch a word. He had no further time to think of this for the conductor called, "All aboard!" and "Tad" swung on the smoker platform just as the big drive wheels of the engine began to turn. He was just suiting to himself over a nice warm coat for mother, a set of books for Mary and a rifle Hal had wished for ever so long, when the train which had seemed to be slowing down came to a sudden stop while at the same time a smothered cry came from up ahead.

The passengers sprang to their feet in excitement, windows were hastily opened and a babel of voices was asking what the trouble was. They were in the country, near a lonely woods, and there could be no cause for stopping unless it was an accident or—Hal's heart gave a jump as the thought came to him—a "hold-up."

"Hal's rifle!" The idea came to him like a flash, and he hastily lifted the lid of the box in which his stock of goods was carried and lifted out the shining weapon. It was a repeater, and but a moment was required to fill the magazine with cartridges. "Tad" had seen to that himself. He hurried out with it and swung to the ground. Quick as he was, several men were already on their way to the engine, where there was a flare of lanterns and the sound of confused voices.

Running up he found "Big Jack" standing on the ground beside the engine, his cap off and his hair tumbled, his eyes glaring and beads of foam on his lips, holding a heavy club in his hand and daring any one to approach the engine.

"Stand back!" the engineer was saying. "I'm going to blow her up! There's a full fire under her, and the safety valve's fastened down! She's been sizzin' in my ears every night for years, and it's got to my head, till I can't sleep no more! I'm a-goin' to blow her up! Hear her sizzin'! That's old Four-Eleven's death song!"

"Big Jack had come mad. Night after night he had run the fast express, till at last his nerves had given out, and he had gone raving crazy. The fire was roaring under the boiler, and every one near enough to know what was being done was afraid to approach. A low moan from the cab attracted Tad's attention, and he saw the fireman lying on the floor with an ugly cut in his head. Just then the tall man Tad had noticed at the depot came out of the crowd and started to climb on the engine.

"Get out of that!" roared the engineer, "or I'll brain you. No man shall touch my engine. She'll bust in a minute now!"

The stranger reached back with a quick movement to his hip pocket, but it was empty. Tad had taken this all in and run back to a group of men, from the mail and baggage cars, with whom he whispered a moment and then came back to where the engineer and the stranger stood glaring at each other.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

How He Saved the Lives of a Party of Prospectors.

Last winter a party of prospectors were camped on the Yukon, one of Alaska's great glaciers. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

"It was a close call," said the stranger, who seemed to handle the valves and levers as if he knew and loved every one of them. "Another half a dozen seconds and we might have been blown into eternity. You saved us those seconds, my boy."

"Tad" was too busy to answer. He was a strong, well-knit lad, and he was shoveling coal with a will under the stranger's directions. Pretty soon the stranger said, with a sigh: "Old four eleven. I used to run this engine myself, years ago."

"There was nothing more said until they reached a little station this side of Hazelwood, when the fireman, who had only been stunned and had recovered, though his head was bound up, came forward to take his place, and Tad asked permission to go back and pack up, as he would not be needed, and he wished to get off at home.

"Certainly," said the stranger, "but wait a minute. I have a little present for you. Oh, take it, my boy, you've earned it. And he thrust a bill into Tad's hand, a bill with a large figure in the corner, too. "Here's my card, too," he added. "When you get back to the city come to my office. I want to see you. I like your grit."

Tad shoved the card in his pocket, for there was but very little time, and he had to hurry with his packing. But when he read it at home he found that the strange "engineer" for whom he had been firing was none other than the president of the road, and Tad's career from that time on may be easily guessed.

No doubt the shark's mouth is placed so much beneath the projecting snout, under which also the nostrils lie, that it may serve its proper purpose in the best way. In all respects of the habits of this fish we are told that it can, and does, bite out large chunks of flesh from the dead bodies of whales, and even from living victims of its attack; and it is easily seen that its mouth was like those of other fishes, the necessary leverage would be lacking. A further reason seems to be that the shark by this peculiar position of its mouth is compelled to turn upon its back to strike, and is thus able to deliver its onset from below with more deadly effect.

It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold wind-swept nights shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where chickens and turkeys roosting in the leafless trees all the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can.

One of those bitter cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sound of scratching and whining and found, upon opening a two of my little neighboring friends, a pug and a little terrier asking admission to all appearances. In face of the cruel cold it was granted them and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs.

In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening and accompanied by a large Irish setter who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgers were dressed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood these doubts were removed on the third night, when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The minute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

With my two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate. But with their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more.

PLACE OF THE SHARK'S MOUTH.

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These lie flat against the jaws, and can be raised by separate muscles at will, so that as the shark darts upon its prey, they spring on out, as a cat's claws are stuck out from its paws. This arrangement will not allow anything once bolted to return, so that a shark's mouth is a veritable death-trap.

Who Can Tell? All hail to Young America. These three are posing for their pictures as you see. Young Bill, who on the left appears with placid smile beyond his years, a baker or a President may be.

And little Tommy in the dirty jeans, Who doesn't quite get on to what it means, Has naught but mud pies on his mind. Some loftier object may he find—Perhaps a Judgeship in the Philip pines.

White Nellie, sturdy Nellie, sitting there And thinking, "Take my picture. I don't care." Will run her race, and live her life, A lone old maid or happy wife—An independent woman anywhere.

All hail to Young America. These three What fortune may the future hold—Distress or plenty, rags or gold? Here is life's greatest, deepest mystery.—John R. Rathorn in Clin. Enquirer.

Wanted a Doctor. "One day last week," said the doctor, "I was just sitting down to dinner, when I received a call from a little five-year-old girl, whose father lives in the next block. She was out of breath, but she managed to gasp out for me to come up to the house."

"Thinking it must be something serious that should cause the little girl to be sent for me, I seized my medicine case and hurried off.

"Who is sick?" I asked, picking her up in my arms and carrying her, so that I might get along faster.

"Elizabeth," she answered. "Is she very sick?" I asked. "I think it is typhoid fever," she replied.

"This gave me a scare and quickened my steps. We were not long in arriving at the house, and I was surprised that no one met us.

"This way," cried the little girl, seizing my hand. "Allowing myself to be led along, I soon found myself in a bedroom by the side of a doll's cradle, in which reposed a doll with a red rag tied around its throat.

A Word to New Beginners Going to Housekeeping.

THE ROYAL STANDARD COOK STOVE. No. 8; 22 inch oven; trimmed out complete with 1 copper-bottom wash boiler, 2 iron pots, 1 skillet, 1 cake griddle, 3 bake pans, 1 galvanized tea kettle, 2 pot lids, 3 joints and 1 elbow of stove pipe, and insured for one year. If trimmings are not wanted \$3. less for the stove. The regular price of this stove, any place, is \$26. My Price \$22.

Queensware—from the cheapest to the best. Cedar tubs, wash boards, clothes baskets, clothes pins, clothes wringers, knives and forks, tea and table spoons, lamps, smoothing irons, both kinds, coffee mills, table oil cloths, cheap and fine mirrors, tin ware, clocks, from 5c cents to \$10.

Sell lower than any other house in the County. ALBERT STONER. Headquarters for Coal Oil.

Here We Are Again, Ready for Spring Trade.

Muslin Underwear. Ready-made Sheets and Pillow Cases. Aprons at 25c. each. Also, Sun Bonnets.

TOWELS. WHITE BED SPREADS. Splendid Line of Trunks, Telescopes and Valises.

Men's and Boys' White and Colored Shirts - - Laundered and Unlaundered. -Quick Sellers-Stylish Fitters-

The Cheapest Line of Good - Clothing in the County—all kinds—from the everyday kind to the "Very Swell, for Swell Dressers."

Watch for our Shoe "adv" next week.

J. K. JOHNSTON.

A. U. NACE & SONS. Have received the Largest Stock of Youth's and Children's Clothing ever seen in our town, from 75 cents a suit up.

MEN'S CLOTHING we have in almost any style, from the Cheapest to the Best.

Men's Pantaloon, our make, very much reduced in price.

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Sample copies of the NEWS sent to any of your friends on request.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE—Nov. 19, 1899.

Table with columns for stations (Winchester, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, etc.) and times for various train services.

Additional trains will leave Carlisle for Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 5:30 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., and 7:30 p. m.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 1:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., and 8:15 p. m.

Table with columns for stations (Harrisburg, New York, Philadelphia, etc.) and times for various train services.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 1:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., and 8:15 p. m.

SOUTHERN PENN. R. R. TRAINS. Harrisburg, Pa. to New York, N. Y. via Philadelphia, Pa.

COUNTY OFFICERS. President Judge—Hon. S. McK. Swope. Associate Judges—Leland Kirk, Peter Morlon.

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